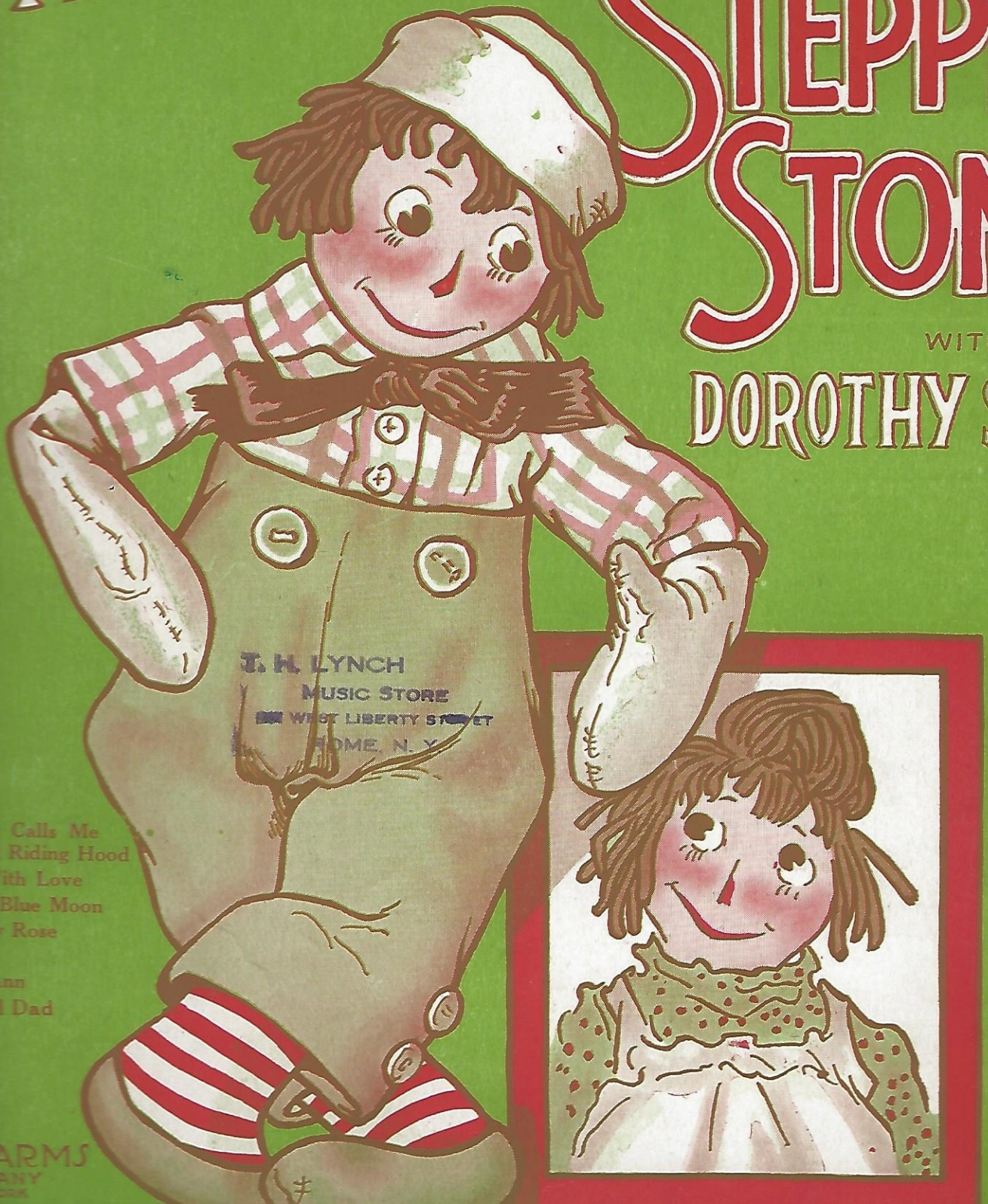
PIE

HARLES DILLINGHAM
Presents

FRED STONE in THE STEPPING STONES

WITH

DOROTHY STONE



LYRICS BY
ANNE CALDWELL
MUSIC BY
JEROME KERN

ody Calls Me
Red Riding Hood
With Love
a Blue Moon
vely Rose

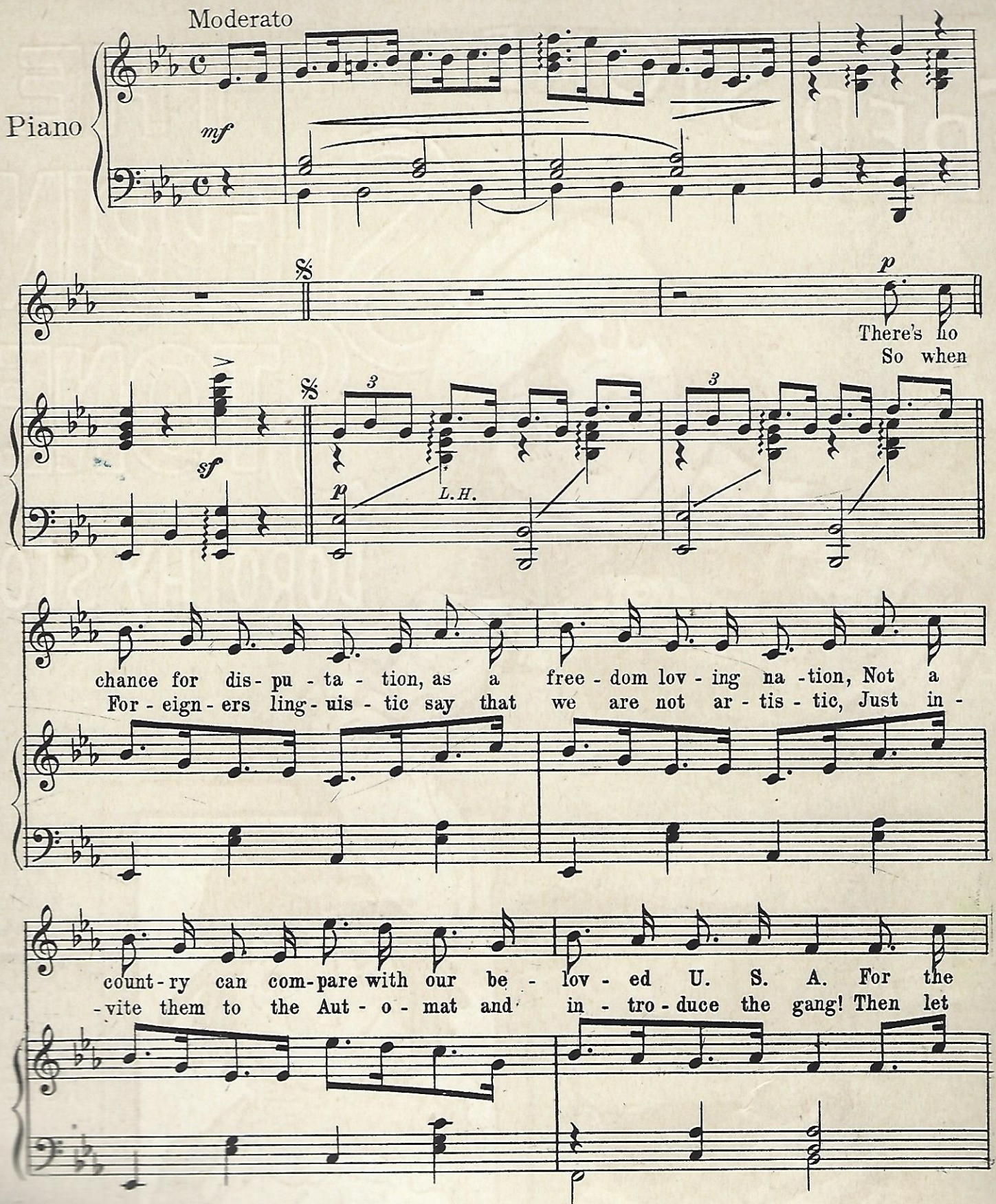
y Ann
rful Dad

HARMS
MPANY

PIE

Words by
ANNE CALDWELL

Music by
JEROME KERN


Moderato
Piano
mf
sf
p
L.H.
There's no
So when
chance for dis- pu - ta - tion, as a free - dom lov - ing na -tion, Not a
For - eign - ers ling - uis - tic say that we are not ar - tis - tic, Just in -
count - ry can com - pare with our be - lov - ed U. S. A. For the
-vite them to the Aut - o - mat and in - tro - duce the gang! Then let

T.B.H.Co.-295.-4

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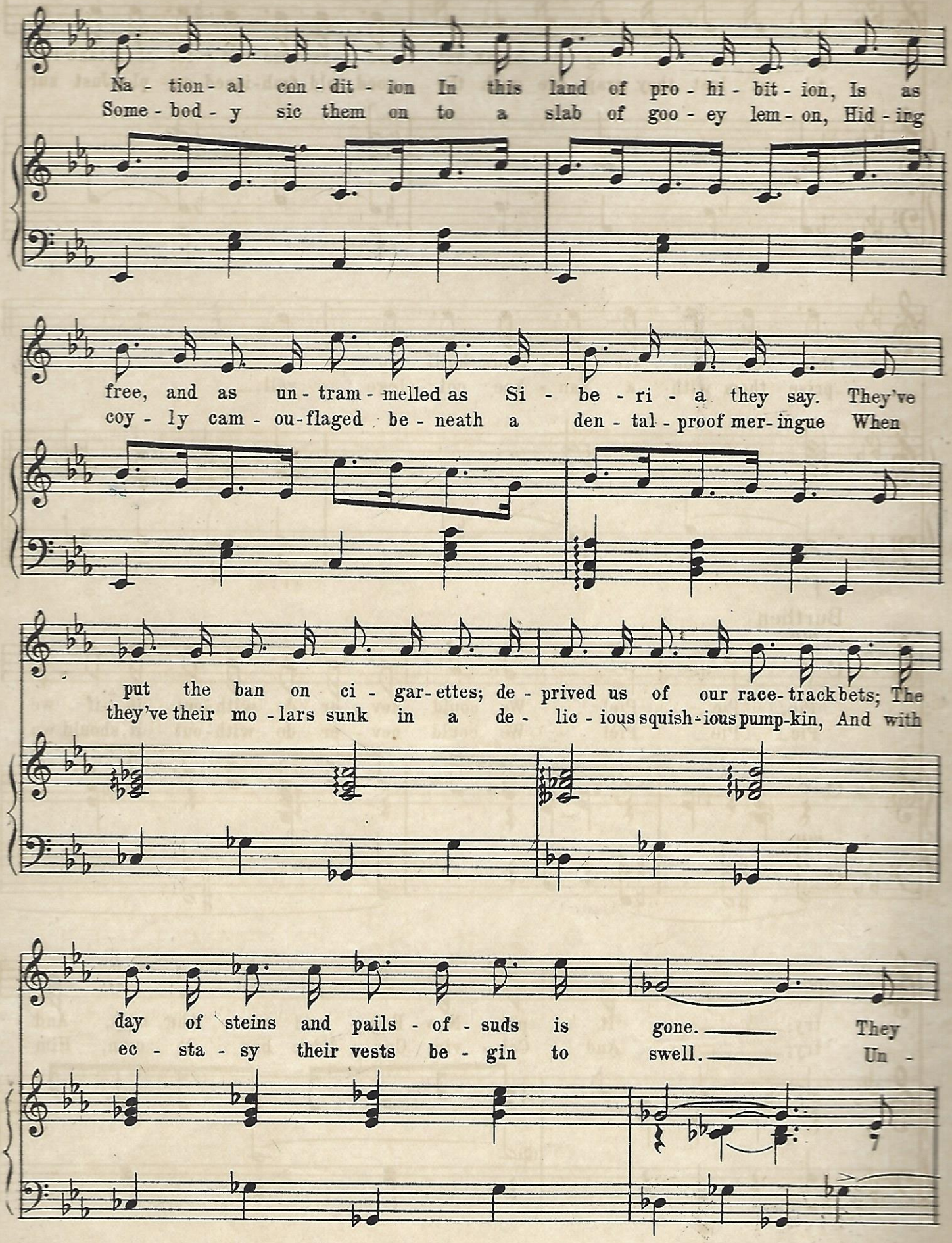
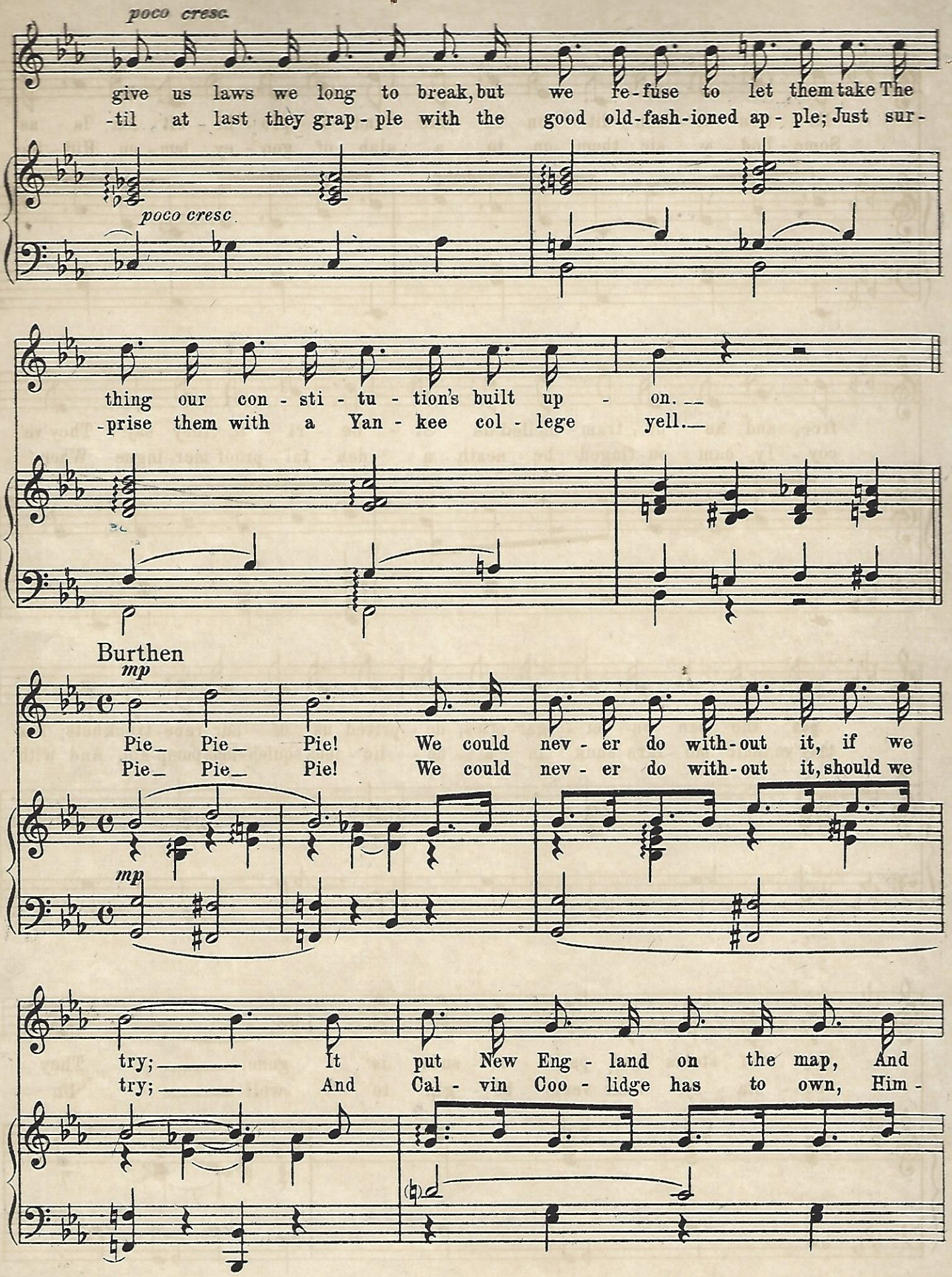
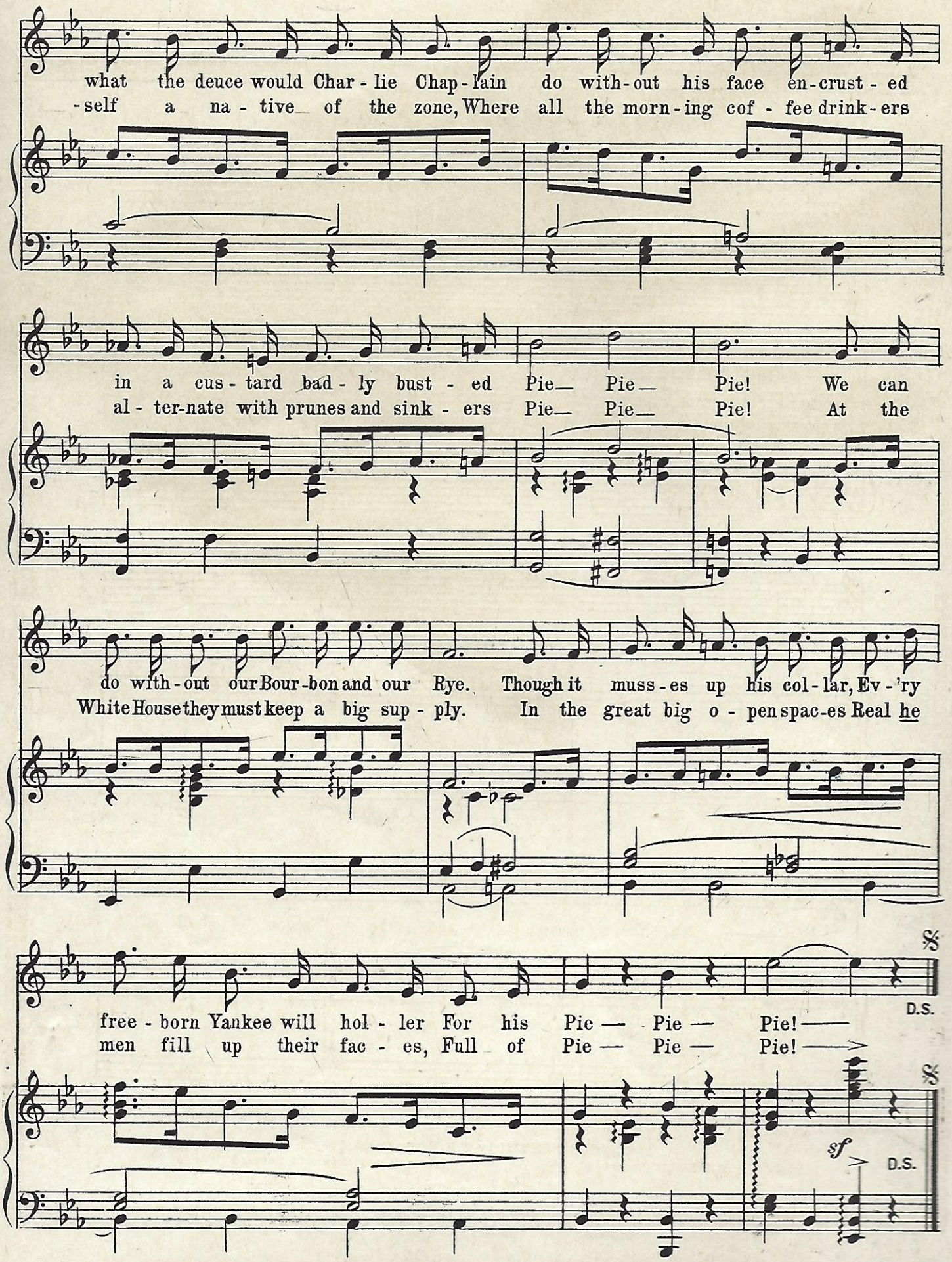

Na - tion - al con - dit - ion In this land of pro - hi - bit - ion, Is as
Some - bod - y sic them on to a slab of goo - ey lem - on, Hid - ing
free, and as un - tram - melled as Si - be - ri - a they say. They've
coy - ly cam - ou - flaged be - neath a den - tal - proof mer - ingue When
put the ban on ci - gar - ettes; de - prived us of our race - track bets; The
they've their mo - lars sunk in a de - lic - ious squish - ious pump - kin, And with
day of steins and pails - of - suds is gone. They
ec - sta - sy their vests be - gin to swell. Un -


poco cresc.
give us laws we long to break, but we re-fuse to let them take The
-til at last they grap-ple with the good old-fash-ioned ap-ple; Just sur-
poco cresc.
thing our con-sti-tu-tion's built up-on.
-prise them with a Yan-kee col-lege yell.
Burthen
mp
Pie_ Pie_ Pie! We could nev-er do with-out it, if we
Pie_ Pie_ Pie! We could nev-er do with-out it, should we
mp
try; It put New Eng-land on the map, And
try; And Cal-vin Coo-lidge has to own, Him-


what the deuce would Char - lie Chap - lain do with - out his face en - crust - ed
- self a na - tive of the zone, Where all the morn - ing cof - fee drink - ers
in a cus - tard bad - ly bust - ed Pie— Pie— Pie! We can
al - ter-nate with prunes and sink - ers Pie— Pie— Pie! At the
do with - out our Bour - bon and our Rye. Though it muss - es up his col - lar, Ev - 'ry
White House they must keep a big sup - ply. In the great big o - pen spac-es Real he
free - born Yankee will hol - ler For his Pie — Pie — Pie! —
men fill up their fac - es, Full of Pie — Pie — Pie! —>
D.S.
sf
D.S.

Love And The Moon

Words by
BOOTH TARKINGTON

Music by
JEROME KERN

Burthen
Languorously in fairly strict time
p-mf
deliberato
Love and the moon are trait-ors, they say, But the
cantabile
p-mf
heart of a friend nev - er quite goes a way;
Ah, Yes, Love and the moon both

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